

The Historie

wicht with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not gi-
uen me medicines to make me loue him, ile be hang'd. It could
not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague
vpon you both, Bardoll, Peto, ile starue e're ile reb afoote fur-
ther, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-
man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer
chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vncuen ground is three-
score and ten miles afoote with mee: and the stonie hearted
villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues
can not be true one to another.

They whistle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse, you rogues,
giue me my horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the
ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of trauellers.

Fals. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe?
z blood ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre afoote againe, for
all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane
ye, to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fals. I prethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horse, good
kings sonne.

Prin. Out you rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fals. Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if
I be raine, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you
all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cuppe of sacke be my poyson:
when iest is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gadshill.

Gad. Stand. *Fals.* So I do against my will.

Poi. O t'is our setter, I know his voyce, Bardoll, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards, there's money
of the Kings comming downe the hill, t'is going to the Kings
Exchequer.

Fals. You lie, ye rogue, t'is going to the kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's inough to make vs all:

Fals. To be hang'd.

Prin. Sirs, you foure shal front them in the narrow lane Ned
Poynes, and I will walke lower: if they scape from your encount-

ter,

of Henry the fourth.

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. How many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Fals. Zoundes, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a coward, sir Iohn paunch?

Fals. In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt, your grandfather; bus
yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leaue that to the prooffe.

Po. Sirra, Iacke, thy horse starides behinde the hedge, when
thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewel, & stand fast.

Fals. Now can not I strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poi. Here, hard by, stand close.

Fals. Now my matters, happy man be his dole, say I, euery
man to his businesse. *Enter the traauilers.*

Trauai. Come neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses down
the hill, wee le walke afoote awhile, and ease our legs.

Theeues. Stand. *Trauel.* Iesus blesse vs.

Fals. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a
hore son Catterpillers, Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth,
downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte
chuffies, I would your store were here: on Bacons on, what yee
knaues? yong men must liue, you are graunde iurers, are yee?
weele iure ye faith.

Here they rob them, and bind them. Exeunt.

Enter the Prince and Poynes.

Prin. The theeues haue bound the true men: nowe could
thou and I rob the theeues, and go merily to London, it woulde
be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a good iest
for euer.

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Fals. Come, my matters, let vs share, and then to horse before
day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowards,
there's no equitie stirring, ther's no more valour in that Poynes,
then in a wilde ducke.

Prin.